

The Observer

THINGS INTERESTING TO THE DEAF

VOL. IV

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1912

NO. 90

Instructions to Local Committee

Seattle, Aug. 21, 1912.

Mrs. Laura McDill Bates, chairman.

Mr. B. R. Allabough, advisory chairman.

Kreigh B. Ayers, vice chairman.

And the members of the local committee, N. A. D., Cleveland, Ohio.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Allow me to congratulate you on the way you have started out on your work. I am sorry Mrs. Bates will not be able to stay and direct the work in person, but with the committee assignments made, and the characteristic Ohio way of doing things, I am confident that you will make good arrangements for the convention.

I do not expect the local committee to make extraordinary efforts to entertain the convention. Below I will state what is expected of the committee:

1. Arrange for a hall for meetings and committee rooms.
2. Arrange for place to hold industrial exhibit.
3. Hotel headquarters and lodging houses.
4. Membership badges, to be paid for by members joining.
5. Official photographer. No royalty, but price of photos to be as low as good work will allow.
6. A picnic or excursion, preferably all day.
7. Transportation, reduced rates if possible.
8. Advertise the convention and arrange for reporters.
9. Print programme, with advertisements.
10. Finance the convention as above outlined.

A reception at the beginning is desirable to enable members to meet and get acquainted.

A banquet may be arranged for, but is not necessary.

Other entertainments may be provided if the committee so desires, but should be informal, so visitors may attend or not as they prefer, and should be arranged so as not to interfere with the business of the convention. I prefer to make this a business convention, and entertainments secondary. All the evenings must not be filled with outside attractions, but at least two or three left for business.

According to the Constitution and By-Laws, as adopted at Norfolk, contracts outside of entertainments are subject to the approval of the presi-

dent. This means that contracts for badges, photographs and printing programme should be submitted to me before closing. Rev. Mr. Allabough has had so much experience in convention work I shall be content to leave a good deal to his discretion. In the matter of local entertainments, the local committee has a free hand in making contracts and expenditures.

In accordance with the precedent at Colorado Springs, and to avoid disputes that have arisen at past conventions, it should be understood that money collected in the name of the N. A. D. and not expended for the convention becomes the property of the N. A. D. The Norfolk committee had a surplus, which was used to print proceedings. The Colorado committee had a surplus which was placed in the endowment fund.

In procuring badges, it would be well to have a place for a small card where members can write their name and state. Where so many strangers meet, this would help to get acquainted.

Yours very truly,

OLOF HANSON.

THE PARIS CONGRESS

A Congress of the deaf has just been held in Paris. Over five hundred attended. Many foreign countries were represented including the U. S. A number of hearing teachers attended the sessions and seemed to dominate the proceedings, and endeavored to have the congress endorse the oral method in use in the French schools. A motion by Dr. Fox of New York in favor of the Combined System was however adopted amid great enthusiasm by the deaf. The hearing teachers did not seem to catch on or to understand what was up until the demonstration was in full swing, but if they had any sense of fairness they must have been convinced that the deaf strongly favor the Combined System.

We want to take off our hats to Dr. Fox, who by his courage and presence of mind added another signal service to the many he has already rendered the deaf.

A RETORT.

Do you hear that long wearied cry, like the howl of a lonesome coyote on the wide and wasted prairies? That's from Tacoma. They want more rain.

A SEATTLE BOOSTER.

161 MOUNTAIN TROUT.

Led by Commodore Christenson, a merry party of fourteen left Seattle at 3 o'clock last Saturday on a fishing expedition at Green river, midway between Franklin and Black Diamond, 33 miles away in the Cascade mountains. With the exception of a hearing doctor, all were deaf; Mrs. Meagher acted as chaperon, Cleon Morris and Elsie Peterson being under her wing. Nobody had a burning ambition to be Boss, so not a single regrettable incident marred the trip. But then why should it; the victuals were excellent, the fishing good and the company congenial?

On reaching camp bountiful supplies of coal and bark were collected and a number of trout taken for supper. Two large bonfires on the water's edge soon formed the nucleus of blanketed groups, sleeping the sleep of the just.

Roy Harris and his toy cannon remained on guard, but although the woods are reputed full of wild game, none was sighted.

Bright and early the next morning all of the men, except Christenson and Langdon, started out, wading along in the racing, icy water for miles. The footing was slippery and several involuntary baths were enjoyed, one unlucky individual floundering over the falls and losing all his bait. Koberstein and R. Paterson arrived on the noon train, but only got one bite between them. All told, 161 trout were taken, as follows: Adams 54, Chambers 35, Partridge 22, Harris 20, Waugh 13, Rhiley 11, Dr. Huston 4, Hole 1, Patterson 1, Koberstein and Meagher caught nothing save a cold.

In the afternoon a swimming race was held, Hole winning handily. Blankets were packed at 3:30 and a leisurely ramble along the mountain side and on the railroad tracks followed. Strange to relate, no train "happened" along, so no funerals were in order Tuesday.

The ride home consumed over four hours. Two huge locomotives had met in a head-on collision a few days before, rolling down the mountain to the bed of Cedar river, and the getting of one of them back on the track held up traffic for several hours, hence it was after 10 when Seattle was reached. Everybody vowed he or she had had the pleasantest trip of the summer. And everyone was satisfied—except the greedy fish. J. F. M.

2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

ARE YOU READY?— BANG!!

The great Labor Day picnic has been transferred to Schmitz Park, Fauntleroy Park having already been engaged. Right after the parade disbands—around 12 o'clock—everyone boards Alki Point cars at First and Pike, bringing their own lunches. Hot coffee will be served by the committee at two cups for 5 cents.

Promptly at 2 the big program of sports besides, and will be rushed through. Late comers get left. The games:

- 1—100-yard dash, gentlemen.
- 2—50-yard dash, ladies.
- 3—50-yard handicap, children.
- 4—50-yard wheelbarrow race.
- 5—50-yard, stout ladies.
- 6—50-yard, fat men.
- 7—100-yard, blindfold (with a helmsman).
- 8—100-yard shoe race.
- 9—Potato race, married ladies.
- 10—Tug-of-war, married vs. single.
- 11—Indoor baseball, mixed teams.
- 12—Modified Marathon.

(Adjournment will then be taken to Alki Beach).

- 13—100-yard swim.
- 14—Fancy diving contest.

Out of town entries especially welcomed; every deaf person is eligible to compete for the prizes. Competent officials will be in charge and a fair deal guaranteed. A. A. U. rules to govern.

Those desiring to march in the parade must assemble at the Observer office before 10 a. m. W. S. Root, who acted as marshal three years ago, will be given an opportunity to "come back." He is a regular "deaf hope," his only bad point being red hair.

J. F. M.

PAID ADVERTISEMENT**M. E. HAY**

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Republican Ticket

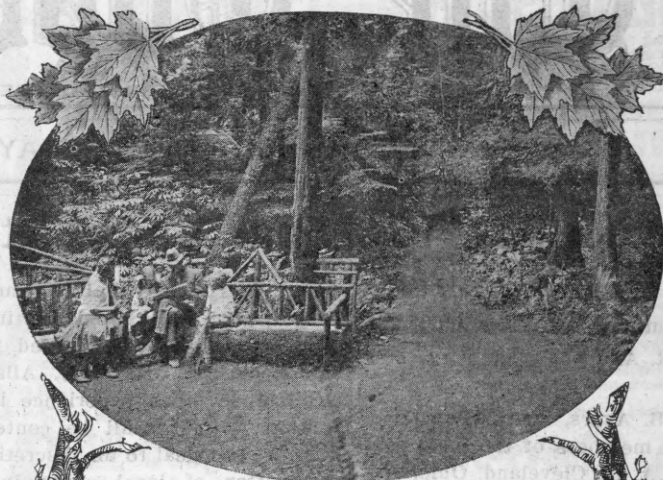
September 10, 1912

For Coroner**DR. J. A. GHENT**

Republican Primaries

September 10, 1912

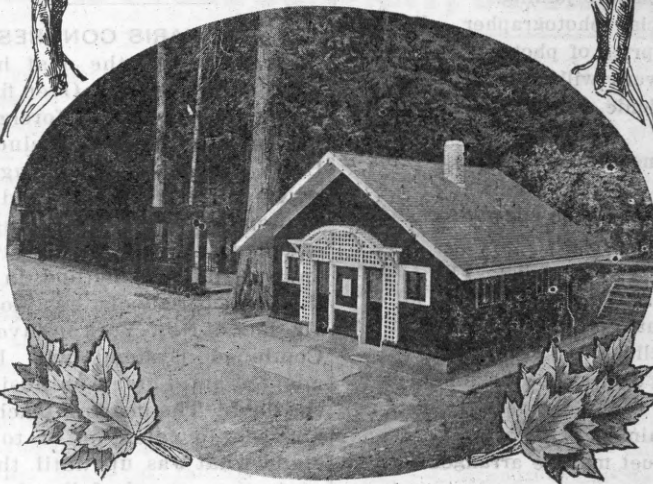
\$1 Subscribe Now \$1

**SCHMITZ PARK.**

Alki Car or Steamer from Pier 3.

Schmitz Park has been called a "nature lover's paradise." It is a wooded tract of 45 acres located a half mile back from the Alki Beach at West Seattle. The virgin timber and native growth remain intact and nature seems to have blessed Schmitz Park with every form of vegetation characteristic of Western Washington. A series of ravines traverse the park and the babbling brooks add charm to nature's retreat. No artificial improvements have been made, simply the opening up of pathways and the construction of rustic seats and bridges. It is an ideal picnicking place and ample facilities are provided.

This park is somewhat difficult to reach, requiring considerable time and effort, but those who do visit it will not regret it and will go forth to sound its praises as the most beautiful natural park in the West. This magnificent tract of woodland was a gift to the city by Ferdinand Schmitz and wife in 1908 and 1912.

**TACOMA.**

Let us hope that not merely a little but also a great deal of nonsense is sometimes relished by the wisest men, for Rev. Cloud surely had a large dose while in Tacoma, gay, Bohemia Tacoma!

From start to finish the distinguished visitor's stay here Monday, Aug. 19th, was marked by action, and when he took his leave his hands were marked by—well, we must not anticipate the climax, still we are cu-

rious to know whether the text of Mr. Cloud's next sermon was not Ecclesiasticus 13-1.

Mr. and Mrs. Meagher escorted Mr. Cloud to Tacoma from Seattle. They were met at the dock by Miss Alice Hammond and her mother with their auto and the following three hours were spent in motoring through the residence district of the north end and through Point Defiance park. At 6 o'clock p. m., their party arrived

(Continued on page 5)

THE OBSERVER

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, AUG. 29, '12

AGATHA TIEGEL HANSON, EDITOR
W. S. ROOT - - - Associate Editor

The Observer is issued every two weeks on Thursday. It is published in the interest of the deaf everywhere.

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LOOKING AHEAD.

The next N. A. D. convention is less than a year ahead. As yet we have seen no mention of officers.

Olof Hanson has made a splendid president and deserves a re-election, but we doubt if he can be induced to accept a second term.

With Mr. Hanson out of the race we have heard the names of J. Cooke Howard and Oscar Regensburg mentioned for the presidency. A good man for the place would be Rev. B. R. Allabough of Cleveland.

The vice presidents are hardly worthy of mention at this time.

For secretary we have heard the names of J. S. Long and A. L. Roberts mentioned. Both would make good officials but that they are connected with schools. In view of the present oral fight, the N. A. D. should elect men free from all school influence. For this office we might mention C. C. Codman of Montana, A. L. Pach of New York and Roy Stewart of Washington, D. C.

For treasurer we present the name of A. W. Wright of Seattle. Mr. Wright was a new man at Colorado but he made an exceedingly favorable impression. He is a young man of splendid business ability, thoroughly upright and honorable in every way. A better choice could not be made.

R.

RONAN DESTROYED.

Newspaper reports say the town of Ronan, Montana, was entirely destroyed the other day. We suspect our friend, C. C. Codman, escaped, as he resides some miles from town.

PREJUDICE AGAINST THE DEAF.

During the last year or so we have read much on this subject.

We are prone to ask the question: Does prejudice against the deaf really exist or is it a big bugaboo?

We will give a little of our own experience the past year. A year ago the job printing partnership of Root & Christensen was begun. Every one knows that in a large city a printer boss must go out and solicit much of his work.

We have done that. We have met the \$50-a-day lawyer in his office. We have met the busy business man, the city official, in short, people in all walks of life. This has gone on week after week.

We can say that almost without an exception our treatment has been courteous. We have seen nothing of the alleged prejudice against the deaf. We do not recall a single instance where work was refused us because of deafness. True, many gave us work on trial, which was all we could ask.

Few have tried to "cheat the dummies." In a business of over \$4,500 we have lost less than \$10 by bad debts.

The law department of this city trusts us with its work. One of the biggest corporations in the city has given us opportunity frequently to figure on its work. The secretary of a state organization turned nearly all of its work to us. A big construction company covering the whole Northwest has done the same.

To be sure, we now and then struck a busy man where the interview was necessarily short, but a hearing man would have the same experience.

In view of all this we want to ask: Is there prejudice against the deaf, or is it incompetency on the part of the deaf?

If this prejudice exists we should have run up against it.

Our conclusion is that where a deaf person can fill the bill he has a fair chance; if he is not the one for the place he won't get it.

R.

THE CORRECT NAME.

"Yes," said Swagger, "this is a turkeze ring."

"Excuse me," said Beggs, "the correct pronunciation of that word is 'turkwoise.'"

"No, 'turkeze,' excuse me."

"Well, let's go to a jeweler and ask him."

"Right."

"In order to settle a wager," said Swagger to the jeweler, "would you mind telling me if the correct pronunciation of the stone in this ring is 'turkeze' or 'turkwoise?'"

The jeweler took the ring and examined it carefully.

"The correct pronunciation," he said, "is 'glass.'"—Selected.

INGRATITUDE.

Today we hear much said of incompetent and unworthy officers.

How much is ingratitude to blame for this?

Hard-working, upright, intelligent officials are too often made the victims of abuse and ingratitude. What wonder then that men of worth and honor refuse to take public responsibility. That means that the offices go to hungry office seekers and tricky politicians with the consequent result.

No more hard-working, unselfish and thoroughly honest man ever graced the position of president of the N. A. D. than Olof Hanson. Scarcely a day has passed since he was elected that he has not put in from one to three hours of work for the N. A. D., and this entirely without compensation.

Realizing the immense amount of work he was doing and the absolute necessity of a good typewriter, the executive committee recently voted to purchase a machine for his use.

Imagine the astonishment of the members of the N. A. D. to read in a recent issue of the New York Journal an article from a well-known N. A. D. member criticizing this action of the executive committee.

INGRATITUDE!!

No wonder our best men retire in disgust at such lack of appreciation.

The personage who possessed the superabundant cheek in writing to the Journal suggested that instead of buying a typewriter the money be used to print all the papers read at Colorado. Does the writer really think \$25 will pay for printing all those papers? If so, we can impart the information that the cost will be nearer \$250 than \$25.

If we want good officials let us show our appreciation of their work, their unselfishness and their steadfastness.

Olof Hanson is all that is honorable and worthy.

R.

THE N. A. D. REPORT.

Last spring the executive committee decided to have the N. A. D. report printed. The secretary advertised for bids and received several. We understand, however, that the contract has not yet been given and that the copy is still in the secretary's hands.

Why this delay? It would seem as if two years were ample time in which the secretary could get the copy ready for the printer. The report should have been out by this time.

Root & Christensen of Seattle made a bid supposing the work was to be done during the summer and advantage taken of dull time prices, but receiving no response they withdrew their bid last week.

Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.

\$1 Subscribe Now \$1

LOCAL NEWS

Miss Elsie Peterson expects to return to Gallaudet College shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wright and family arrived home from the farm Sunday.

Miss Cleon Morris has returned from a two months' stay in the eastern part of the state.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Klawitter have gone to a town in British Columbia to stay some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Axling and children spent several days last week in Tacoma calling on the deaf.

Note that the Labor Day picnic has been changed from Fauntleroy Park to Schmidt Park and Alki Beach.

Eddie Spieler had the misfortune to badly cut his hand while at work in the boiler shop Tuesday morning.

Indications are that the leap year prize offered by Root & Christensen will soon be claimed. Congratulations.

Miss Mable Scanlan of Everett was in town last Saturday. She has decided to return to Gallaudet College next month.

Report says H. H. Kohn found Seattle a trifle chilly Monday night and that he now contemplates seeking other climes.

S. Hoffman and Roy Hackenberg, of Sifton, Wash., made a fine tent and have been cutting wood all summer. They are making good pay.

Ed. Langdon visited his real estate near Port Orchard recently. He reports it all safe and thinks it will bring good money some day.

Mr. and Mrs. Meagher leave next Tuesday for Victoria, B. C. for a few days. From there they will return to their positions at the Vancouver state school.

Mrs. Jesse West and Arthur, and Mr. and Mrs. Meagher, were the guests of the Hansons to dinner last Thursday. Willie did not go with his mother and brother because he was away at Port Angeles for a week. After dinner five hundred was played.

The editor met Grace Ziegler on the street down town one day, and found her busily engaged in preparing a surprise party for her mother, to take place that evening. By the way, when you see Grace, ask her why her smile is so particularly bright these days.

L. O. Christenson expects to have a rooster party at his home Saturday evening next. No ladies will be allowed within two miles. People who do not like noise are invited to move out into the lake, the boys are going to have a good time any way.

BOYS!!!

Who will catch one prize to be the first at 549 27th Avenue Saturday evening Aug. 31st?

WAHOO



CLEMENT B. COFFIN

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We replace Broken Lenses.

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SEATTLE, WASH

REV. MR. CLOUD WITH US.

The Rev. J. H. Cloud, of St. Louis, arrived in Seattle Saturday afternoon, August 17, and was met at the station by Messrs. Axling and Hanson. He dined with the Axlings that evening and at eight o'clock delivered to an appreciative and good-sized audience in the crypt of Trinity church a lecture on "The Quest of the Funny Bone." The expectations of the Seattle deaf in regard to the treat in store for them were great, and they were not disappointed. Mr. Cloud is a clear, graphic and vigorous sign-maker, and as one humorous story followed another he brought down the house. He accompanied the Hansons home that night, and their house was his headquarters while here. Sunday afternoon, the 18th, he conducted an impressive service in Trinity church, attended by about sixty deaf, several coming over from Tacoma. After the service, Mr. Root invited Mr. Cloud and a few friends to supper at a restaurant. Monday morning Mr. Cloud was treated to an automobile ride, to give him some idea of Seattle and Seattle Spirit, and at one o'clock p.m. he left on the Chippewa for Tacoma.

Several from Seattle went over, to hear him talk that evening on Eugene Field. He left Tacoma late that night for Portland, where he expected to spend Tuesday before leaving for home.

Following the lecture Saturday night there was an informal reception, coffee and sandwiches being served under the direction of Mrs. E. Swangren and Mrs. J. E. Gustin.

All in Seattle were greatly pleased with Mr. Cloud personally, and with his lecture and service. Many have expressed the hope that adequate support may be obtained to induce him to come as missionary to the Pacific Coast.

SEND IN.

Send us short, crisp articles of news, or on matters relating to the deaf. This means each and all of you. We promise to do the best we can with them. In order to be really a paper for the deaf The Observer must hear from as many of the class as possible. Send in! We want the news! We want to do good! We want to keep up the reputation of The Observer!

Use your difficulties. Many men owe the grandeur of their lives to the tremendous difficulties they encountered.—Spurgeon.

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DEALER IN

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204 SECOND AVE. SOUTH
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PUGET SOUND ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF

Every deaf person in the Puget Sound country is or should be a member of this association.

Why?

Because in union there is strength—we can help one another.

Also come and meet your fellow deaf for a social time, intellectual advancement and moral uplift.

Business meeting, second Saturday night of each month. Social, fourth Saturday night of each month.

Meeting at Carpenter Hall, Fourth Avenue just north of Pine Street.

Officers:

President—True Partridge.

Vice-President—Mrs. A. W. Wright.

Secretary—Mrs. Agatha Hanson.

Treasurer—L. O. Christensen.

Sergeant-at-Arms—W. S. Root.

Bible Class for the deaf meets on the third Sunday each month at 3:30 p. m. in Trinity Parish Church, corner Eighth Ave. & James St. All welcome. Olof Hanson, Lay-reader, in charge.

\$1 Subscribe Now \$1

"If you soar, soar;

If you burrow, burrow;

But, whatever you do,

Be thorough, be thorough."

—Selected.

TACOMA.

at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wade, who had as their guests to dinner besides the guest of honor, Rev. Cloud, Mr. and Mrs. Meagher and Mr. Axling of Seattle, Mrs. and Miss Hammond and Mrs. Seeley of Tacoma.

Although the dinner was perfect, those gathered around the board seemed to enjoy still more the "feast of reason and the flow of soul"—with the exception, it must be owned, of our poet laureate, Mr. Meagher, who buckled down to the business of the hour, after having answered our wondering query as to whether he was a really, truly, poet with the remark: "You can always tell a poet by the way he eats. Wait and see!"

With the dictatorial manner common to kings and poets he allowed no interruption except one, which was a catastrophe of such nature he could hardly do otherwise than notice. It seems that "Spot," Mrs. Wade's kitten, also wanted to see whether Mr. Meagher was a poet, and climbed to his shoulder to investigate.

He heeded not until the psychological moment, when kitty's soft fur touched his neck, and thinking it his fair partner's hand, he turned in her direction. Kitty, seeing by his plate that he was indeed so much a poet that her prospects of having any chicken were very slim, jumped onto the dish to help herself. Scared by the uproar, she thereby caused, she made tracks for the minister's plate also, but was captured in the nick of time. A cataleptic trance then settled upon Mr. Meagher, who ate in a mechanical way. After finishing his dessert he aroused himself, and, while the others were making an inventory of the chicken bones on his plate, he wrote on the spur of the moment (a slab of apple pie) the following lines:

"There's a cloud on Mt. Tacoma's
snow-covered crest;
There's a shroud on the grim visaged
King of the West;
There's a cloud that effaces the soft
Summer sun
In a loving embrace till the daylight
is done.
But what do we care for the clouds in
the sky,
When the gen-u-ine Cloud comes to
gladden the eye?
When the gen-u-ine Cloud—and the
name's a misnomer—
Comes to gladden our eyes in the
Northwestern summer?
There's a fig for dull care tho' the sky
may be gray,
For, sure, our friend Cloud drives all
cloudlets away.
So what if the lesser clouds hover
around,
Since the real Cloud is beaming on
fair Puget Sound?"

At the reception held at the Wades

that evening, at which about thirty were present, Mr. Meagher recited the above poem which was declared to be his masterpiece, and he was straightway crowned "poet laureate."

With a few well-chosen remarks Mr. Axling introduced Rev. Cloud and invited him to give us an address.

Mr. Cloud responded with a delightful talk on Eugene Field, it being the birthday of that poet. His address was given in a quaint and humorous style that did full justice to the poet who possessed to such a degree the attributes of quaintness and humor.

There was a mingling of pathos and humor in his relation of "Human Nature" by Field, but his rendition of "Daniel and the Devil" convulsed the audience from first to last.

After refreshments had been served Mrs. Hammond offered to take Rev. Cloud and Mr. Axling to the depot.

How that auto made, as it were, superhuman efforts to cause the minister to miss his train; how it literally "beat around the bush" and finally got "stumped" and how the minister and Mr. Axling had to "pitch in and lend a hand" is altogether too long a story. However, there was pitch on the plank which they used to pry the auto off the stump, and when they arrived at the depot they found their hands were black with pitch. They'd been too excited to notice it before. Nevertheless we are told that Rev. Cloud enjoyed his stay with us as much as we did, and if so he enjoyed himself to the limit.

Mr. and Mrs. Meagher remained in Tacoma, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wade, until Wednesday. Tuesday, they and Mrs. Seeley went by trolley to American Lake to visit the Bertram ranch. The versatile poet there tried his hand at breaking in colts, the Bertrams owning one not yet broken in. That is, it wasn't before Mr. Meagher started operations, but we fear it is too much broken in now. Mrs. Bertram expressing her fear it would never be able to run any more. Maybe Mr. Meagher wasn't tired!

That evening they sat down to a hastily prepared dinner at Mrs. Seeley's, and the poet, after another piece of apple pie, had another inspiration, which was something on this order (we don't vouch for the correctness of the quotation, but the idea is there): Jack and Jill went up the hill—
And got a drink of water!
Jack sat down and said with a frown,
"Is this all we came after?"

Anyway, it wasn't Rainier water he got; in fact Mrs. Meagher said she never tasted better water than she drank while in Tacoma.

Mr. Wade has been suffering lately with heart spells and has been under the doctor's care for the last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Axling and children

spent several days in Tacoma last week, visiting around among friends. They stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Wade mostly, but managed to call on almost all the deaf here. The Seeleys entertained them and the Wades at dinner Saturday evening, and they spent all of Sunday at the Bertram's ranch, returning to Seattle Sunday evening.

PORTLAND, ORE.

Rev. J. H. Cloud was here Tuesday the 20th and gave a lecture "You don't know how to laugh" before sixty deaf mutes at the Church of the Strangers. It was an enjoyable affair. It is hoped he will come again someday. He like the others fell in love with our beautiful city.

On account of the damp weather the lawn social given by the Frats at Mr. and Mrs. Hastings the 17th was had in the house. About thirty-five had the pleasure of being present. Five and ten cents was charged each one wishing to play any game and five cents for sausage sandwich and coffee. Prizes were awarded to the winners.

Mrs. F. Metcalf underwent an operation at the St. Vincent Hospital last week. She is doing nicely. That she will rapidly recovery is the sincere hope and prayer of her friends. Mr. Metcalf took her place as interpreter at church last Sunday and will do so again next Sunday.

Geo. Young is no longer a widower. Mrs. Young has returned home after a pleasant month outing at the beach.

Miss Lotus Valentine of Salem is staying a while with Mrs. Don Smith.

Arthur Stalker surprised his deaf friends by coming down from Silverton one Sunday with his wife on his new seven horsepower motorcycle.

Any one having news for the Observer please report to Mrs. Reichle instead of complaining that there is no news in the paper from Portland.

The Silent Review

A Semi-monthly, Eight-page
Illustrated Magazine of Encouragement and Self-help.
A Journal for the Deaf that
Brings its readers and their
interests together.

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Clear Thinking
Right Living.
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OLOF HANSON

Architect—50 Downs Block
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THE OPTIMIST

There was once a man who smiled
Because the day was bright,
Because he slept at night,
Because God gave him sight
To gaze upon his child;
Because his little one
Could leap and laugh and run,
Because the distant sun
Smiled on the earth, he smiled,

He smiled because the sky
Was high above his head,
Because the rose was red,
Because the past was dead!

He never wondered why
The Lord had blundered so
That all things have to go
The wrong way here below
The everarching sky.

He toiled, and still was glad
Because the air was free,
Because he loved, and she
That claimed his love and he
Shared all the joys they had!
Because the grasses grew,
Because the sweet winds blew,
Because that he could hew
And hammer, he was glad.

Because he lived he smiled,
And did not look ahead
With bitterness or dread,
But nightly sought his bed
As calmly as a child.

And people called him mad
For being always glad
With such things as he had,
And shook their heads and smiled.

—Philadelphia Record.

REPLY TO DAPHNE

It may, madam, seem a little ridiculous of me to contradict a person of the fair sex regarding some quite queer statements made by her in the Observer some time ago, but as there are principles or rather personal differences of certain questions which are at stake, I may be pardoned for coming back with an answer. I never saw any body get so mixed up as to the correct meaning of a word as Sweet Daphne did when she used the word "indifferent," saying, later on, that she meant "too busy," when, as everybody—even half blind persons could see—she meant "lazy." Indifferent, too busy and lazy are at least a mile apart in the dictionary so she must have either been "too busy" or "too lazy" to look them up nothing else could so confuse a clear thinking head. We can hardly blame it to her being "indifferent."

No, Sweet Daphne, I am not a bachelor for I was married long before you started this controversy between us and have two "kids" too—a boy and a girl.

One thing which you are right in and that is that the cream of the graduates have left the state. The Washington State seems to be like all the other states; they can not employ their own graduates. Anything else which comes along is so much better than the graduates of the school—and the graduate who has his Alma Mater dearly at heart



WANTED—A RIDER AGENT

IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a sample Latest Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. Write for full particulars and special offer at once.

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone anywhere in the U. S. without a cent deposit in advance, *prepay freight*, and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL** during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle ship it back to us at our expense and you will not be out one cent.

FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save \$10 to \$25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of factory prices and remarkable special offers to rider agents.

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the wonderful low prices we can make you this year. We sell the highest grade bicycles for less money than any other factory. We are satisfied with \$1.00 profit above factory cost. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES. We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from \$3 to \$8 or \$10. Descriptive bargain lists mailed free.

COASTER-BRAKES, single wheels, imported roller chains and pedals, parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds at half the regular retail prices.

\$10.00 Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof \$4.80

Self-healing Tires A SAMPLE PAIR TO INTRODUCE, ONLY

The regular retail price of these tires is \$10.00 per pair, but to introduce we will sell you a sample pair for \$4.80 (cash with order \$4.55).

NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES

NAILS, Tacks, or Glass will not let the air out. A hundred thousand pairs sold last year.

DESCRIPTION: Made in all sizes. It is lively and easy riding, very durable and lined inside with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes porous and which closes up small punctures without allowing the air to escape.

We have hundreds of letters from satisfied customers stating that their tires have only been pumped up once or twice in a whole season. They weigh no more than an ordinary tire, the puncture-resisting qualities being given by several layers of thin, specially prepared fabric on the tread. The regular price of these tires is \$10.00 per pair, but for advertising purposes we are making a special factory price to the rider of only \$1.80 per pair. All orders shipped same day letter is received. We ship C. O. D. on approval. You do not pay a cent until you have examined and found them strictly as represented.

We will allow a cash discount of 5 per cent (thereby making the price \$4.55 per pair) if you send **FULL CASH** with order and enclose this advertisement. You run no risk in sending us an order as the tires may be returned at our expense if for any reason they are not satisfactory on examination. We are perfectly reliable and money sent to us is as safe as in a bank. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride easier, run faster, wear better, last longer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price. We know that you will be so well pleased that when you want a bicycle you will give us your order. We want you to send us a trial order at once, hence this remarkable tire offer.

IF YOU NEED TIRES don't buy any kind at any price until you send for a pair of Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof tires on approval and trial at the special introductory price quoted above; or write for our big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires at about half the usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write it NOW.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

Notice the thick rubber tread "A" and puncture strips "B" and "D" also rim strip "H" to prevent rim cutting. This tire will outlast any other make—SOFT, ELASTIC and EASY RIDING.

—has to go some where else to find employment. The only school which is an exception to this rule is the Minnesota school, and if any school for the deaf have any better or more efficient teachers and officers, I want to be shown. The graduates can not be to blame for this state of affair. Somebody else must take the responsibility for such a condition.

But we are really drifting away from the real issue: The imposters.

Tall John Skoglund showed himself worthy of his Alma Mater—a fact I asserted two months ahead—when he caught that fellow in Tacoma. We graduates of the Washington School for the Deaf can stand up straight—on both feet, too—before any other school and make a showing worthy of more praise than what we have hitherto received.

Adieu, Daphne!

E. L. SCHETNAN.

Dupree, S. D., August, 1912.

HELEN KELLER STORY

Boston, August 16.—The following remarkable story has been published here, but is received with some reservations: Miss Helen Keller, born blind, deaf and dumb, and world-renowned for the brilliancy of her mental equipment,

has learned to sing. Miss Keller has been taking vocal lessons for some time, and this afternoon she is to sing before the Otological Congress meeting in the Harvard Medical school. She talked last night over the telephone, and so clear was her enunciation that a reporter did not realize until told afterward that it was Miss Keller, herself of whom he had been asking questions. Asking about Miss Keller's singing, he was answered readily enough and in the third person. Suddenly the voice ceased and a louder voice answered: "Miss Keller doesn't feel like talking any more."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Keeping at It.

When I was a girl," said a useful and busy woman, "I came across a sentence by George William Curtis that I have never forgotten, and that has encouraged me more than any other saying I know. It was this: 'An engine of one cat-power, running all the time, is more effective than one of forty horse-power standing idle.' I realized strongly that I had not a forty horse-power, that my life was narrow in many ways, and my opportunities were likely to be few. But one cat-power I certainly possessed, and I determined to run my little engine as hard and as steadily as I could."—Ex.